

THE AMARANTH.

A SEMI-MONTHLY PUBLICATION, DEVOTED TO POLITE LITERATURE, SCIENCE, POETRY AND AMUSEMENT

VOLUME I.

ASHLAND, OHIO, SATURDAY, JUNE 26, 1847.

NUMBER 9.

THE MUSES' COLUMN.

Original.

Bury me in the Garden.

Oh! bury me not in the Grave-yard cold,
Where forgotten bones of the hundred mould;
Apart from the world, in a lone deep glade,
Or 'neath a great tree, with its broad green shade;
Where comes a slow step and fearful tread,
In chilling stillness to the place of the dead.

Oh! lay me not where the wind's sad lay
Shall whisper my loneliness day by day;
Where the rank tall grass from a thousand graves,
In mournful cadence fitfully waves;
Where the sun turns cold, or sparingly sheds
His beams on the city and home of the dead.

Affection brings not, when the night draws near,
To the lone grave-yard, the sad, sweet tear;
'Twill think of the loved in their dreamless sleep,
And a cold, cold chill o'er the soul will creep—
For the grave-yard will come, with its marble stare,
And with holiest memories of the dead will share.

But bury me then, in the Garden, where
The sun ever shines and the flowers are fair;
Where the hand of Affection shall guard my tomb,
And drive from my home the spirit of gloom;
Where the gentle dews and gladdening showers
Shall waft o'er my grave the fragrance of flowers.

Where the fondest tones of the house-hold band,
Shall cheer my spirit in that other land;
Where the boisterous mirth, and music-mild,
And the happy shout of a laughing child,
With a bounding foot, and pulse as free,
Shall play o'er my grave, in mirth and glee.

Place no cold marble near my bed,
To tell where lies the mould'ring dead;
Affection will know the place of my rest,
And with holy thoughts my grave will be blest.
Let me sleep, if ye love me, among the flowers,
And the living things of your garden-bowers.

Ashland, O. SARAH.

Original.

Our Early Friends.

"In a few years we shall be scattered over the wide world,
and those whose voices blended in the halls of debate and in
the glorious strife for intellectual improvement will struggle
and be forgotten."—Composition of a Friend.

O, is it thus with earthly joys
Shall memory ever trait'rous prove?
Shall kindred spirits be forgot,
And friends we dearly love!

Shall names of those we often met
"Neath Academus' sacred shade,"
When scatter'd o'er the world's wide face,
From memory's record fade!

O, can it be that they who've told'd
Upon the road that leads to fame,
And often trimm'd the midnight lamp
To win a glorious name,

Shall e'er forget the friends with whom
They mingled oft on learning's mount,
And quench'd their thirst at crystal streams
From Truth's perennial fount!

Shall they whose voices blended once
In noble intellectual strife,
Forget or e'er forgotten be
Amid the toils of life?

O, no! it cannot be that thus
Such hallow'd memories fade away;
It cannot be that brightest joys
Thus wither and decay!

While life's warm crimson current flows—
While ceaseless throbs the beating heart,
O never once from memory
Shall early friends depart!

When on the threshold of the tomb
With feeble tott'ring limbs we stand;—
When Age the head has silver'd o'er
And palsied has the hand;

Even then the long forgotten past
At mem'ry's bidding shall arise,
And dreams of other days appear
Like fond realities.

Even then we'll think of friends with whom
We pass'd the sunlit days of youth—
The friends with whom we toild in search
Of Knowledge and of Truth.

Upon the tablet of the heart
Their images are graven deep—
Our early friends we'll ne'er forget,
Though in the tomb they sleep.

Savannah, O.

J. W. R.

THE STORY-TELLER.

THE CARNIVAL; OR, THE MOCK MARRIAGE.

BY JULES JANIN.

THE cruel imprisonment of young Napoleon by the Austrian government is well known to the world, and has, perhaps, more deeply moved the sympathies of the young of all nations, than the fate of any other living personage.

During this imprisonment, when at the age of seventeen, he was detained some weeks at a monastery, the garden of which adjoined that of the castle of General Count —, who had an only daughter of fourteen, who often came to the barrier, and by the indulgence of his keepers, talked with the prince; for she knew his story and felt sad for his fate. They thus became acquainted, and the prince, from being grateful, became enamored with the beautiful, generous hearted girl, who, in many ways, tried to soften the rigors of his imprisonment. After the prince was removed to closer quarters in the city, this young maiden deeply interested her confessor in his fate.

Three years passed on, during which interval, by accident, she had twice met the young Napoleon, and they had interchanged glances. It was enough. Each felt that they were beloved. At length the maiden resolved to make a bold effort to effect his escape. Father —, she knew was her firm friend, and also of the unfortunate prince, for he had been in Bonaparte's army, and to him she committed her plans. True to the confidence in him, he seconded her wishes. He succeeded in corrupting the prince's confessor so far as to make him the medium of a correspondence between the two lovers. This correspondence continued for some time, when the prince declared his passion, and his desire to be united with her. He was now twenty-one, she seventeen, and both were beautiful; he, tall and manly, she, lovely as womanhood in its first spring-time.

But how should he escape? how should they meet? how should they be united? how should they afterwards fly?

These were obstacles indeed, but Love is powerful and will prevail. At length circumstances favored them. A masquerade was to take place the third night of the Carnival; and this suggested an idea to her mind. She sought her confessor, and through him her plan was made known to the prince, who had, the day before, in a note, written—"Whenever you can find a shelter for me without, I feel confident of being able to elude my sentinels. It is not so difficult to escape from the garden as to elude observation in the street, for my person is known to every soldier in the city; for once a month my good relative, the Emperor, passes them in review, or rather me in review before

them at my balcony. I have discovered a tree which I can easily ascend, (having practiced it, seemingly for exercise,) from which extends a lateral limb which touches another growing from another tree. Along this I can reach the branch of a third tree, and so a fourth and fifth, till the last limb brings me within reach of the wall, which is a hundred feet distant from the first tree. I can pass along these limbs, if I can leap unobserved into the tree, entirely concealed by the foliage. This way, if any, affords me the means of escape.

It has been seen that he availed himself of it with singular success. This is the note in reply to his, which led him to make the attempt:

"My noble friend will avail himself of the means he has explained, when he next walks in the garden, at 4 P. M. A Capuchin will receive him and conduct him to his monastery, which is close at hand. There he will ascertain what further touches his safety."

The prince, on letting himself down from the wall, was hurried by the monk into the court of the monastery, and conducted to his cell. There, to his surprise, the prince beheld the disguise of a Venetian cavalier, which a note from the daughter of Count —, desired him to assume. He obeyed, and then looked to the monk for further instructions.

"Is it your highness's desire to be wedded to the maiden who has facilitated your escape?" asked the monk.

"That would only complete the happiness of this hour of freedom," he answered warmly. "Our hearts are one, father, why may not our hands be?"

"Then hear the plans arranged for this consummation. To-night is the great masquerade at the Hotel de l'Empereur. It is planned that you accompany the Countess — hither, she in the costume of a noble Venetian lady. There, I shall also be present, and during the various scenes that take place for the amusement of the guests, you shall come up to me, and gayly propose to be united to the lady for the entertainment of the company. I will then proceed and go through with the marriage ceremony, which shall solemnly unite you."

"This is well conceived, and may succeed," said the prince. "But how shall I meet with the fair Countess Nitenne?"

"Come with me," answered the Capuchin, leading the way along the shadow of the corridor to a postern, which he opened and passed through.

A few minutes' walk through the streets, which were filled with maskers, among whom they attracted no particular attention, brought them into a lane in the rear of the gardens of the General Count —.

"Wait here a few moments, your highness," said the Capuchin, unlocking a private gate and disappearing in the garden.

Before the prince had time to grow impatient, the monk re-appeared, leading the Countess Nitenne, whom the young Napoleon ardently clasped to his heart. In a minute afterwards, a carriage, which the monk had provided, came up, and getting into it, they drove to the Hotel de l'Empereur, leaving the monk, who said he would soon follow.

"Your highness will not remove your mask during the evening," he added to the prince as he took his leave.

"No," answered the prince, firmly.

"There is to be a mock marriage in the other part of the saloon," said several of the maskers; and a gen-

eral movement of the crowd was made toward that quarter, to witness it. In the midst stood the Venitian cavalier and lady, both masked, but both striking, from the grace and dignity of their persons and carriage. Near them stood the Capuchin. A marble pedestal was converted into an altar, by placing upon it a crucifix and candles snatched from the candelabra.

"Kneel, children!" said the Capuchin, solemnly. They knelt, and the monk proceeded to go through the service, while all the crowd stood around, observing it as they would a scene in a play.

The Emperor and his Minister, Metternich, and the General the Count —, were still together, when a messenger entered and announced an officer of the guard. He was admitted.

"Pardon, your Majesty, but if the prince Napoleon has not escaped, there is a person in Vienna, whose voice and manners are his own."

"What mean you? Of whom do you speak?"

"A mask, attired as a Venitian cavalier, who entered the hall a few minutes since, as I was loitering near. He refused to lift his visor, and forced his way in with a lady on his arm, also masked, and habited as a Venitian. His resemblance in voice and air to the prince, induced me to hasten hither to inform your royal majesty."

"You have done well, Col. Necker. I give you my commands to take with you sufficient means, and arrest and bring before me this cavalier. Haste, and return soon, with him and his lady in custody. Metternich, you will also accompany him. It must be our flown bird."

"And he is as silly as a bird, to appear thus publicly. I will soon ascertain who this cavalier is, your highness."

The ceremony of marriage was ended, and the priest was pronouncing his benediction, when a commotion was apparent in the farther part of the hall, near the door, and the crowd gave way in terror before the stride of Metternich and the officers of the Imperial Palace.

"What means all this?" demanded Metternich of a general officer, as he came near.

"A mock marriage, prince—but, by the mass! the priest had done it with a grace and action as if he were in his earnest. There stands the happy couple, who, were the Capuchin not a priest in masquerade, are as safely tied as ever were man and wife."

"They are the two," said Necker.

"It is he! arrest them. Also the Capuchin!"

The prince resisted and drew his sword. In the melee, his mask fell off and betrayed to all eyes, the well known features of the captive prince. There was a general utterance of surprise, and a feeling of deep interest. Simultaneously, several of the maskers made a movement so as to obstruct the police, and favor his escape. He was soon separated from prince Metternich and Col. Necker, and before the mass could be penetrated, the bridegroom and bride had been assisted by some French officers out of the hall into a carriage. Several of the gentlemen sprung upon the box and the footboard and it drove with rapidity to a distant part of the city, where the prince and his bride were soon in safety in a retired mansion near the wall, occupied by a French officer. Here they remained many a month secreted, while every means were set on foot by the Emperor for their discovery, and at the same time plans were constantly forming by their friends for getting them out of the city.

At length their retreat was discovered. The prince was arrested but his wife escaped in disguise, and reached Paris. His confinement was now more rigorous than before, the severity of which, added to his grief at the separation from his lovely and devoted

wife, soon wore upon his spirits and health; and in a few months afterwards, he died a captive. The princess Nitene, who had implored to share his captivity, and had been forcibly borne from danger by the faithful French officer, on hearing of his death, gave birth to a son, and surrendered up her life. This child, the grandson of Napoleon, still lives not far from Paris, a treasure dearly guarded and cherished by those who, disappointed in their hopes of his father, vainly look forward to the day when France shall once more rule the nation under the destiny of a Napoleon.

MISCELLANY.

Interesting Variety of the Bible.

THIS feature of holy writ is beautifully illustrated by Mrs Ellis, in the following eloquent extract from her recent work, entitled the "*Poetry of Life*."

"With our established ideas of beauty, grace, pathos and sublimity, either concentrated in the minutest point, or extended to the widest range, we can derive from the scriptures a fund of gratification not to be found in any other memorial of the past or present time.

From the worm that grovels in the dust, beneath our feet, to the track of the Leviathan in the foaming deep—from the moth that corrupts the secret treasure, to the Eagle that soars above his eyrie in the clouds—from the wild ass in the desert, to the lamb within the shepherd's fold—from the consuming locust to the cattle on a thousand hills—from the Rose of Sharon to the Cedar of Lebanon—from the clear crystal stream, gushing forth out of the flinty rock, to the wide waters of the deluge—from the barren waste to the fruitful vineyard, and the land flowing with milk and honey—from the lonely path of the wanderer to the gatherer of a mighty multitude—from the tear that falls in secret, to the din of battle and the shout of a triumphant host—from the lone man in the wilderness to the satrap on the throne—from the mourner clad in his sackcloth, to the prince in purple robes—from the gnawings of the worm that dieth not, to the seraphic visions of the blessed—from the still small voice, to the thunders of Omnipotence—from the depths of hell, to the regions of eternal glory, there is no degree of beauty or deformity, no tendency to do good or evil, no shade of darkness or gleam of light, which does not come within the Holy Scriptures; and therefore there is no expression or conception of the mind that may not find a corresponding picture; no thirst for excellence that may not here meet with a full supply; and no condition of humanity excluded from the unlimited scope of adaptation and sympathy comprehended in the language and spirit of the Bible."

Crushed Affections.

How many suffer by unrequited love and affection! They are attached strongly to those who return them cold words, indifferent looks, and even avoid their presence. A word, that might not otherwise be noticed, often sinks deeply in the heart of one whose life is bound up in another. Where an object is cherished, each motion is watched with solicitude, and a smile gives exquisite pleasure, while a frown sends a dagger to the heart. There is no greater sin than to crush the warm affections, gushing freely from a generous heart. It dries up the fountain of the soul—fades the smile on the cheek, and casts a shade over every bright and glorious prospect. Draw near to the heart that loves you, return the favors received, and if you cannot love it in return, be careful not to bruise or break it, by a careless word, an unkind expression, or an air of indifference.

THE glory of men should always be measured by the means which they have used to acquire it.

The Grave.

OF all others, the grave is the most appropriate place for meditation and humility, for self-examination and good and virtuous resolutions. Its eloquent silence—its touching repose and profound melancholy, find way to the heart, subdue every passion, and direct our thoughts to Him who rules on high. There the pride of state appears trifling, and there the great and illustrious, the young and beautiful are taught that in a few fleeting years, their bodies will afford food "for a certain convocation of politic worms." Truly the grave is a wise monitor, addressing us in the simple language of truth, and bidding us prepare to lie down in its cold and silent portals.

Washington Irving remarks that he never enters a graveyard without feeling that he is a wiser and better man. Health may run riot in our veins, strength and vigor may assure us of long life, and manhood may look forward to a green old age, but the fresh sod or marble slab reminds us of death, and tells us that youth and health are unable to resist its attacks.

Look around you and observe its victims. See genius and ambition buried with ignorance and imbecility, and youth and beauty laid low with age and care.

Approach the grave of him who governed millions, and guided the ship of state through storms and perils to safety and prosperity. Once great and powerful, sycophants poured flattery in his ear and thousands shouted his praises. Now he sleeps in death's embrace, "and none so poor as to do him reverence."

Mark where the rich man lies. Broad fields and swelling acres once were his; wealth laid its tribute at his feet; and, possessing all that mortal could desire, men said he was supremely happy. Now lies he here,

"An heir to some six feet of sod."

Look at the grave of departed beauty. The rose is withered, the lily is blighted, the once bright eye closed forever, the song that cheered is hushed, the voice that charmed is silent, and the worms are merry at their banquet:

"All that's bright must fade—
The brightest still the fleetest,
All that's sweet was made
But to be lost when sweetest."

Go to the tomb of the generous youth, stricken down when hope was high, and fortune smiled, and life was a garden, fragrant with flowers and full of beauty. Relatives adored him, friends admired him, and the future promised usefulness and honor. He, too, has been carried off and sleeps with thousands who have preceded him.

And this is death! death, that regards neither age nor rank, but lays low the prince and peasant, the great and humble, the gifted and mindless. In us, and about us, are seeds of mortality; and wisdom whispers—

"So live, that when our summon comes to join
The innumerable caravan that moves
To the pale realms of shade, where each shall take
His chamber in the silent halls of death;
We go not like the galley slave at night,
Scourged to his dungeon; but sustained and soothed
By an unaltering trust, approach the grave
Like one who wraps the drapery of his couch
Around him, and lies down to pleasant dreams."

Firmness of Character.

THERE is no trait in the human character so potential for weal or woe as firmness of purpose. It is wonderful to see what miracles a resolute and undying spirit will achieve. Before its irresistible energy the most formidable obstacles become as cobweb barriers in its path. Difficulties, the terror of which cause the pampered sons of luxury to shrink back with dismay, provoke from the man of lofty determination only a smile. The whole history of our race—all nature indeed—teems with examples to show what wonders may be accomplished by resolute perseverance and patient toil.

Sublime Thoughts.

I SAW the temple reared by the hands of men, standing with its high pinnacles on the distant plain. The storms beat upon it, the God of Nature hurled his thunderbolts against it, and yet it stood as adamant. Revelry was in its halls—the gay, the happy, the young and the beautiful were there. I returned; and the temple was no more!—Its walls lay in scattered ruins, moss and wild grass grew thickly there, and at midnight hour the owl's cry added to the deep solitude. The young and the gay who revelled there had passed away!

I saw the child rejoicing in his youth, gay in his boyish pride—the idol of his mother and the hope of his father. I returned; and the child had become old. Trembling with the weight of years, his gray locks tossed by the passing breeze, he stood the last of his generation—a stranger amidst the desolations around him!

I saw the old oak stand in all its pride on the mountain; the birds were caroling on its boughs, and their notes made glad the surrounding forest. I returned; the oak was leafless and sapless; the winds were playing at their pastimes through its dry and withered branches as it stood, a grim record of the past!

"Who is the destroyer?" asked I of my guardian angel.

"It is Time," said he. "When the morning stars first sang together with joy over the new-made world, he commenced his devastating course, and when he shall have destroyed all that is beautiful on earth—plucked the sun from its sphere—veiled the moon in blood—yea, when he shall have rolled the heavens and earth away as a scroll; then shall an angel from the throne of God come forth, and with one foot on the sea, and one on the land, lift up his head towards Heaven, and swear by his Eternal King—'Time was, Time is, but Time shall be no longer!'"

Effects of Kindness.

I AM convinced that there never yet was an instance in which kindness has been fairly exercised, but that it has subdued the enmity opposed to it. Its first effort may not succeed any more than one shower of rain can reclaim the burning desert; but let it repeatedly shed the dew of its holy influence upon the revengeful soul, and it will soon become beautiful with every flower of tenderness.

Let any person put the question to his soul, whether, under any circumstances, he can resist continued kindness; and a voice of affection will answer that good is omnipotent in overcoming evil. If the angry and revengeful person would only govern his passions and light the lamp of affection in his heart that it might stream out in his features and actions, he would soon discover a wide difference in his communion with the world. The gentle would no longer avoid him; his friends would no longer approach him with a frown; the weak would no longer meet him with dread; children would no longer shrink from him with fear; he would find that kindness wins all by its smile, giving them confidence, and securing their friendship.

Man's Eternal Companion.

MAN has three friends in this world—how do they conduct themselves, or accompany him in the hour of death, when God summons him before his tribunal? Money, his most powerful friend, leaves him first, and goes not with him. His relations accompany him to the threshold of the grave, and then return to their homes. The third, which he often forgets during his life, are his good works. They alone accompany him to the throne of the Great Judge—they go before—speak, and obtain mercy and pardon for him.

THE best of all acids is assiduity.

Depend upon Thyself.

IT cannot be too early or too deeply instilled into the minds of the young and inexperienced, that the means of happiness and riches are, in a great degree, in every man's power. A blind belief in destiny or fortune, acts as a powerful stimulus to indolence and indecision, and makes men sit down and fold their hands in apathy. Nothing is more common in the world, than for people to excuse their indolence by referring the prosperity of others to the caprice of fortune. Success, every experienced man knows, is as generally a consequence of industry and good conduct, as disappointment is the consequence of want of energy and despondency.

The difference in the progress which men make in life, who start with the same prospects and opportunities, is a proof that more depends upon conduct than destiny, and if man, instead of envying his neighbor's fortune and deploring his own, should inquire what means he has employed or neglected, he would secure a result to his wishes. But the great misfortune is, few have courage to undertake, and fewer candor to execute such a system of self examination. Thousands thus pass through life, angry with fate when they ought to be angry with themselves—too fond of the enjoyments which riches procure, ever to be happy without them, and too indolent and unsteady ever to pursue the legitimate means by which they are attainable.

A Good Rule.

It is always a good rule to follow, to step in no path, to speak no word—to commit no act when conscience appears to whisper, beware! You had better wait a twelvemonth and learn your duty, than to take a hasty step and repent it to a dying day. How many a lost man might have been saved, had he listened to an inward monitor, and resisted the first inclination to deviate from the path of rectitude. See far before you and on either side, the bones and sinews of millions who have perished ignobly in the march of life. They resisted the spirit of truth, and they fell; they trusted to themselves, and sank in the outset. Take warning by them. Could their bones live, breathe, speak, how earnestly would they appeal to you, as it were, to pursue a virtuous course, that your end might be joyous and not degraded.

Solemn Thought.

WE see not, in this life, the end of human actions. Their influence never dies. In ever widening circles it reaches beyond the grave. Death removes us from this to an eternal world. Every morning when we go forth, we lay the mouldering hand on our destiny, and every evening when we have done, we have left a deathless impress upon our character. We touch not a wire but vibrates in eternity—utter not a sound but reports at the throne of God. Let youth, especially, think of these things, and let every one remember, that in this world, where character is in its formation state, it is a serious thing to think, to speak, to act.

Hope.

YOU will scarcely find a man in all the ranges of our creation whose bosom bounds not at the mention of Hope. What is hope but the solace and stay of those whom it most cheats and deludes—whispering of health to the sick man and better days to the dejected—at the fairy name of which young imaginations pour forth all the poetry of their souls, and whose syllables float like aerial music into the ear of frozen and paralyzed old age? In the long catalogue of human griefs, there is scarce one of so crushing a pressure, that hope loses its elasticity, becoming unable to soar and bring down fresh and fair leaves from some far off domain, which itself creates.

THE AMARANTH.

"The only Amaranthine flower on Earth is Virtue;
The only lasting treasure—Truth!"

ROBERT V. KENNEDY, EDITOR.

ASHLAND, O., JUNE 26, 1847.

To Correspondents.

"Read not a Novel," is very well written, but the author traverses too much ground before he arrives at the wished for point. He must clip the wings of his imagination before he can be considered a good writer. If he will re-write this article, we think he can better it easily.

"The Grace," a very excellent communication in many respects, has the same great fault above alluded to.—With some alterations it will be quite readable, and may appear in our next.

"The Evening," is accepted. We shall take the liberty of making one or two slight alterations, which will improve the rhythm.

"A Pleasant Moonlight Evening," by the "Rural Bard," is not acceptable; firstly because the author has not observed our rule, which is, not to publish any communication without knowing the author's real name, and secondly because it contains neither poetry nor good sense—not even good nonsense.

"Let me Weep," is only tolerably good, and its fate will depend somewhat upon circumstances. It is, in a measure, out of our line.

The Hymn, by "Gratitude," will appear as soon as we are placed in possession of the author's real name. We never depart from our rule. As soon as this objection is removed, the article will appear.

"An Adventure in a Grace Yard," is a good story, but it is entirely too long. It might be compressed into half the space, without suffering any abatement of its interest. Will the author prune it?

"Bury me in the Garden," by "Sarah," a new contributor—is indeed beautiful, and we must express a hope that the fair writer will favor us again.

A Word to Some of our Correspondents.

WE have to complain of some of our correspondents, and not without cause. It is not unfrequently the case that we receive communications with a request couched in language something like the following:—"Mr Editor I send you the above communication please correct punctuation and orthography and publish it." Now this is decidedly "good" for an author! It is no more than reasonable to suppose that he who can write a good article can also punctuate it; and, nine cases out of ten, where a good article is sent to an Editor with this request, the orthography and punctuation are nearly if not quite correct, or else the article itself is a bold plagiarism—the bad orthography and false punctuation being the only marks of originality about it! We do not charge that any of our correspondents have attempted to palm off plagiarisms upon us; but we do sincerely hope that they will all hereafter consider that good orthography and correct punctuation are essential concomitants to a good article. The individual who cannot read a composition correctly, when rightly "pointed," cannot write intelligibly under any circumstances, because he does not understand the rudiments of punctuation; and no one deficient in this respect, should ever attempt to write for the press. Our good nature has often prompted us, not only to punctuate articles sent to us for publication, but in many instances to transcribe them, leaving out a word or sentence here, and inserting others there, correcting orthography, syntax, &c,—in short, clothing the article in an entire new dress, rather than offend the friend who was so generous as to write for us. We know that this is wrong; we ought not to do this; but we are too good natured, even if possessed of the requisite judgment and attainments, to be a just critic. Should we display the sour disposition of a McCauley or a Gifford, or even of an Edgar A. Poe, we doubt much whether we could retain many of our obliging correspondents for any great length of time; yet those who would respect our judgment and come appreciate our motives, might profit by our criticisms. We do not intend, by any thing contained in the above remarks, to cast censure upon those of our correspondents whose communications may have suffered partial alterations of our friends—such as the leaving out of a comma here and there, or the substitution of a word or so, in order to make the sentence read a little smoother than the original. We have made these alterations frequently, because we considered them improvements on the original; but which, perhaps, would not be so regarded by critics. It is only the glaring and unpardonable faults alluded to in the commencement of this article, which we complain of.

W may have more to say

LADIES' COLUMN.

Selected.

Female Influence.

BY REV. DR. NOTT.

UNDER God, I owe my early education, nay, all that I have been, or am, to the counsel and tutelage of a Pious Mother. It was, peace to her sainted spirit, it was her monitory voice, that taught my young heart to feel that there was danger in the intoxicating cup, and that safety lay in abstinence.

And as no one is more indebted than myself to the kind influence in question, so no one more fully realizes how decisively it bears upon the destinies of others.

Full well I know, that by woman came the apostasy of Adam, and by woman, the recovery through Jesus. It was woman that imbued the mind, and formed the character of Moses, Israel's deliverer. It was a woman who led the choir, and gave the response of that triumphal procession which went forth to celebrate with timbrels, on the banks of the Red Sea, the overthrow of Pharaoh. It was a woman that put Sisera to flight and composed the song of Deborah and Barak, the son of Abinoam, and judged in righteousness, for years, the tribes of Israel. It was a woman that defeated the wicked counsels of Haman, delivered righteous Mordecai, and saved a whole people from utter desolation.

And now, to speak of Semiramis of Babylon, of Catharine of Russia, or of those Queens of England, whose joyous reigns constitute the brightest periods of British history; not now to speak of these there are others of more sacred character, of whom it were admissible now to speak.

The sceptre of empire is not the sceptre that best befits the hand of woman, nor is the field of carnage her field of glory. Home, sweet home, is her theatre of action, her pedestal of beauty, her throne of power. Or, if seen abroad, she is seen to the best advantage when on her errands of love, and wearing her robes of mercy.

It was not woman that slept during the agony of Gethsemane; it was not woman that denied her Lord at the palace of Calaphas; it was not woman that deserted his cross on the hill of Calvary. But it was a woman who dared to testify her respect for His corpse, that procured spices for embalming it, and that was found last at night and first in the morning at his sepulchre. Time has neither impaired her kindness, shaken her constancy, or changed her character.

Now, as formerly, she is most ready to enter, and most reluctant to leave, the abode of misery. Now, as formerly, it is her office, and well it has been sustained, to stay the fainting head, wipe from the dim eye the tear of anguish, and from the cold forehead the dew of death.

Woman's Love.

THE difference that there is between a woman's love and a man's! His passion may lead him, in the first instance, to act in opposition to opinion—but its influence is only suspended; and soon a sneer or censure wounds his pride and weakens his love.

A woman's heart, on the contrary, reposes more on itself; and a fault found in the object of her attachment is resented as an injury: she is angered, not changed.

Woman's Tears.

BY DARWIN.

No radiant pearl, which created fortune wears,
No gem, that twinkling, hangs from beauty's ears;
Not the bright stars, which night's blue arch adorn;
Nor rising sun, that glides the vernal morn;
Shines with such lustre as the tear that flows
Down woman's beauteous cheek for other's woes.

THE HUMORIST.

Conquering a Peace.

A MOROSE looking man was yesterday brought before the Recorder, for beating his wife, who has, or rather has had, the very tongue of a termagant. The watchman described the woman as unable to speak at the time he arrested the prisoner, so severe was the beating she had just received.

"Edwards," said the Recorder,—the prisoner's name was John Edwards—"I shall fine you ten dollars and oblige you to give bail to keep the peace."

"That's the sentence of the Court, is it?" asked Edwards.

"It is," said the Recorder.

"Then I protest against it," said Edwards.

"On what ground?" asked the Recorder.

"On the ground," said Edwards, "that it is contrary to the spirit of our institutions, and a violation of my personal rights as a citizen."

"How so?" asked the Recorder.

"How so?" said Edwards. "Why, sir, its outrageous. How! for making an attempt to do what I succeeded in accomplishing. You dub Gen. Taylor a hero—and a hero no doubt he is—you throw up your caps and say he shall be every-body's President, or President of all parties, which is about the same, and—"

"Well, sir," said the Recorder, "where lies the analogy between your conduct and that of General Taylor?"

"Why, in this, sir," said Edwards. "He has attempted to conquer a peace, and, so far, has failed: I too, attempted to conquer a peace; and, according to your own testimony—the testimony of your watchman—I succeeded."—N. O. Delta.

Economy.

"What are ye after, Barney?"

"Writing a letter, sure."

"And where would you be after sending it to?"

"It's not my intention to send it at all. Isn't a copy as good in my pocket as in the post-office?"

"Aye, faith, and ye always was the boy that knowed how to save the pennies. But where is the letter a-going?"

"To Mither O'Toole, in Kilkenny."

"And who will carry it if the Post Office don't?"

"Well, so you see, I'm a-going to Kilkenny meself to see Mr O'Toole, and I thought that I'd write this letter and take it along, and in that way I can save the postage, for you know it takes a power of contrivance to get along now-a-days."

Getting Sublime.

The Boston Courier has a correspondent at Hull, who, after this fashion, parodies some of the excessively imaginative critics of Gotham and Boston:

"The rapturous and soul-thrilling strains of Bone Squash's magnificent trumpeting came over us in a swoon of passionate intuition, causing our cerebral susceptibilities to circungyrate in a giddy sweep round the compass of musical amazement, like a turkey in a tin kitchen. We stand thunder-struck in a high tide and whirlpool of astounding harmonies, and hear the wild waves of wonder-warbling sound go leaping along shore like an infuriated catfish trying to jump over Cape Cod light house."

A LAWYER in one of the Northern cities, having a very red face, which it was understood was not the effect of living on skimmed milk, was told that he was not much of a lawyer.

"Why, sir, said he, 'I have frequently been called the deepest read lawyer in the city.'"

A Dramatic Impression.

LAST week, whilst Bulwer's admired play of the "Lady of Lyons" was in course of performance at the National Theatre of Cincinnati, a man in the pit, says the Signal of that city, became so deeply excited for the hero, and so sympathetic in his fate, that he made several nervous demonstrations towards rushing to his assistance; and when the widow Melnotte declared that if 'Claude' was 'nt a prince, he ought to be,' our friend could stand it no longer. He jumped up, turned round, and addressed those behind him, his eyes blazing with excitement—

"Gentlemen," said he, "that old woman's the actor for my dimes. Spunk to the back-bone. She'll knock some of 'em into fits before long—mind I tell you.—Hurrah!"

Childhood.

THE green hills, the joyous gambols, the pure friendships of childhood, all thrill through the heart. The ancient man sits in the midst of a generation thrice removed from his own; he appears insensible to those around him—he is deaf and participates not in their joys; he beholds their sorrows with a cold, unfeeling eye.

But why does he at times, convulsively grasp his staff; and why does an unheeding tear occasionally trickle down his furrowed cheek? He is looking back beyond the existence of the present generation; perhaps the image of her who hath slept in the dust for half a century—she to whom his youthful heart was gathered up—appears before his memory, as once she bloomed; perchance the mother who had watched or wept over his cradle, and enhanced the joyousness of his early life, is breathing in his ear; or the bosom friend and companion of his youthful wanderings come before him with the truth and ardor he has so long been a stranger to;—where are they? Another people has grown up to maturity since their graves were sodded. Their memory has perished, except in the aged man, whose long dried up fountain of sensibility gushes forth afresh, as such recollections rise within his mind.

Absence.

It is like death! It summons the hardened conscience to account; it recalls all the bitter words, the unkind looks—all that we have spoken, all that we have done under the influence of irritation and that irritation passed away. But here, far happier than in death, we can efface we can atone. But what shall efface or atone, when the cold, helpless image of the departed looks upon us with its melancholy and reproachful eyes, and reminds us of unkindness or neglect that can never, never be repaired?

Good counsel, rejected, returns to enrich the giver's bosom.

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